Well! well! She is here! Don't believe that I have forgiven her; — never while I live. I wanted to doubt! — Her truthfulness! I drove her out when I arrived. And that fool Joseph who was here !

But what eould I do ? As she came down the staircase in tears, I saw Eug&ne, Hortense, who were following her sobbing. I was not given a heart for nothing, and I cannot remain unmoved when I see tears flowing, Eugene followed me to Egypt; I have accustomed myself to look on him as my adopted son; he is so brave, he is such a good boy! Hortense is just coming out; all who know her speak highly of her. I confess, I was deeply moved, I couldn't resist the sobs of those two poor children; I said to myself: Are they to be the victims of their mother's ill conduct? I stopped Eugene, Hortense turned back with her mother; I said nothing. How could 1 help it ? Every man is weak!

17th. So you believe that the thing can be done ?

£££d. I have already learned a good deal: but we shall see. I think I shall have Bernadotte and Morcau against me. I am not afraid of Moreau; he is soft, has no energy. But Bernadotte! He has Moorish blood in *Im* veins; he is bold and enterprising; lie is related by marriage to my brothers; he dislikes me; I am pretty sure he will be against me. Well, we have only just arrived, well